

NOTICE.
All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 10, Stanford, Ky.
All notices intended for advertising, subscription or other business, must be sent to the publisher, and must be paid for in advance, unless otherwise specified.

Newspaper Laws.
We would call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following system of the newspaper law:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (containing a paper does not count the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its being taken; and a notice to do so must be given to the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.
2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the law.
3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must give all necessary orders to the publisher, and must continue to pay until the payment is made.
4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is liable to pay for it if he takes it from the postoffice. The law provides upon the ground that a man must pay for what he takes.

TO ADVERTISERS.
The rates we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as any paper can afford to give, and are based upon a wide circulation, and on business. We desire choice advertisements, and will give preference always to local patronage. We think business men will get value received when they employ our columns in making known their business to our hundreds of readers, and, therefore, ask no one to patronize us out of charity, and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. A glance at our paper will convince them of this. We could only say to our subscribers, if you have business, send your advertisements, and we will give you the best results. We could only say to our subscribers, if you have business, send your advertisements, and we will give you the best results. We could only say to our subscribers, if you have business, send your advertisements, and we will give you the best results.

Advertising Rates given on application.

RETROSPECTION!

A Glance at the Old Year

A Collation of General Notes and Events of 1873!

Federal Interference Cholera - Yellow Fever - Vienna Exposition - Granger Movement - Financial Panic - Alabama Claims - Evangelical Alliance - Ballroom Voyage - Revision of Kentucky Laws - Session of Congress, Etc.

"Why muse upon the past with sorrow?" Retrospection is pleasant. Callous, indeed, is the heart that fails to receive impressions, to be called up in after time as food for genial reflection! Daily, in our individual histories, there are occurrences which mark no special event in life, but which, in future years, come singly and in groups before the memory, suggesting, by the power of associated thoughts, a happy period of time when friend held fellowship with friend, when the world was less unkind, and when faith in our fellowmen begat a hope for the golden reign of charity. Such recollections hang as pictures upon the inner chamber of the soul, casting a cheerful radiance over the past, and brightening the uncertain future in the hours of gloom when the shadows lengthen upon the path of a weary pilgrimage.

Retrospection is profitable. Like the lamp of experience, it is a guide to our walk. The errors upon which we have stumbled are under review as admonitions to prudence, while the better luck, which now and then cheered our aims, furnishes an incentive to aspiring ambition. Retrospection is but a study of history, both written and unwritten. It is fit that, in the beginning of a new year, we should look upon the events of the past, and if we collate them either in the order of their occurrences or according to their prominence, we may be all the happier, the wiser and the better for the trouble. As a journal, devoted to the interest of our patrons, we ought upon nothing which would likely prove of greater advantage to our readers than the presentation of a summary of the events both national and local that transpired during the year 1873. The first which occurs to us, both in the order of time and its prominent influence, is the

Federal Interference
With the local affairs of the State of Louisiana. McEnery was elected Governor of that Commonwealth by the ballots of a large majority of the qualified voters, which included the most intelligent, wealthy and virtuous of the population; Kellogg, his opponent, was a carpet-bagger. Durrell, the Judge of the Supreme Court, was a carpet-bagger. The latter, without notice to McEnery or any one interested in his behalf, issued an injunction which, practically and to all intents and purposes, forbade the Democrats of the State the free exercise of the right of suffrage. The State capital was taken possession of by the Kellogg faction, which was sustained by the metropolitan police, and in turn by the proclamation of President Grant, thus the sovereignty of the State was overthrown, and its right to local self-government repudiated by one who was sworn to support the constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof. The public indignation, growing out of such official infamy, had not fairly subsided before another sentiment, but of an entirely different nature, was excited in the whole country, that

Alabama Claims Settlement
between our country and England, in which \$15,000,000 were awarded to us by the Geneva Arbitration, for alleged damages caused during the late civil war by the Confederate ship Alabama, commanded by the celebrated Capt. Simms, honor and advanced the civilization of both countries. The

Evangelical Alliance.
A large and influential body of Christian men, representing nearly every orthodox sect of religionists in the world, met in New York during the past fall. "Let brotherly love continue," is the Divine injunction, and we see no greater evidence of the fact that it does continue, than the proceedings of the recent alliance. Growing out of the meeting and the communion of sect with sect was the

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of sympathy for the afflicted who were stricken down by the

Broadfoot scourge of cholera.
No such visitation, in the way of disease, had been known in the United States since the year 1833. Whole families and neighborhoods were prostrated by the epidemic, while refugees, fleeing from the pestilence, left kindred and friends to the mercy of an affliction that "wasteth at noonday." But troubles come not singly. The cholera seemed to be but a premonition of a more terrible scourge, the mere shadow of a "coming event." Cities, that were made desolate by cholera, whose business had stagnated on its approach, indeed, put on their mantles of mourning when

Yellow Fever
laid its hand of death upon the doomed. If there was stagnation before, there was desolation then. If sickness weakened a household by the touch of cholera, Death, with his hour-glass and scythe, came with the fever. Never before was the public pulse so quickened by that of genuine pity for a doubly scourged people. Never since the beginning or close of our late strife did the public heart of the North beat so freely in unison with the people of the South. It may have been one of the mysterious ways of an inscrutable providence to teach the people of a common country that "of one blood God hath made all the nations of men." The prevalence of the public feeling, aroused by these causes, measurably tended to hush all discussions of a political nature for a period of several months. In the meantime, however,

The Vienna Exposition
in Austria went on, and the manufacturer's products and fancy creations from every part of the civilized world were brought into mutual competition to test the resources, science and skill of the countries whence they came. We have boasted much of our Yankee ingenuity, and asserted our superiority in the art of general manufacturing over Continental Europe; but, when brought to the test, the inexorable logic of facts proved our inferiority as greatly in this as we confessed it to be in the ideal creations of sculpture, poetry and painting. It is with us a utilitarian age. We are given to action rather than reflection; but, in our nervous efforts to utilize the forces and material of nature, we should not forget that science must first precede manufacture, and that in the neglect of scientific courses of study, we find the cause of our present inability to compete with the artisans of the Old World. It is not a lack of ingenuity, not a want of energy in its most vitalized form, not a dearth of that stirring ambition that would not stop short of success, but a deficiency in the system of scientific education, without which we must be comparatively as dead as body without a soul, as immovable as an engine without steam.

The Farmer's Grange Movement.
Which is yet attracting public attention began to take its firmest foothold in the Western States in the summer of 73, and rapidly spread throughout many States. It was organized chiefly in opposition to the over-reaching avarice of corporations, and, if we mistake not, is especially inimical to the exacting tariff of railroad companies. Though not political in the common acceptance of the term, in its aims and purposes, it discusses the elements and principals of political economy, and has for its object the inculcation of wholesome truths respecting the national welfare of those who compose the constituents of the organization. It has not been devoid of influence, as will bear witness the elections in California and Wisconsin, when they developed strength in opposition to formidable enemies. Some have been inclined to attribute

The Great Financial Panic
somewhat to this source. The first houses that succumbed to the crash were those which departed from banking proper and speculated in railroad bonds and other fancy stocks. These bonds declined in foreign markets and the panic began. True many banking houses were affected, but this may be accounted for on the psychological, as well as physical principle of reflex action. And the same principle extended further brought about the embarrassments in private circles, that have caused us to say, "these are hard times and worse a coming." The failure of the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. is, so far as relates to the cause, yet not clearly understood, unless we seek and find the explanation in those direct charges of fraud and corruption, brought against so many men who grow rich by banking. Among the many notable events which have occurred during the past year we find space to mention

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withdrawal of Bishop Cummins, assistant Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church of Kentucky, from the High-church dogmas. Whether this was an unhappy result of the Alliance, we are not prepared to say. The future alone can reveal that.

The Ballroom Voyage.
The world was made to believe for a time that the great problem of air navigation was to be determined during the Summer of 73, but the project of Prof. Wise and Donaldson and the Graphic Newspaper to cross the Atlantic ocean, in seventy hours by means of canvas and gas proved a most miserable sell.

Revision of Ky. Laws.
For the first time in twenty-one or two years, the statute laws of our State were revised, published and distributed in 73, which marks another era in the jurisprudence of the "dark and bloody ground." The present

Session of Congress
has developed nothing so far of great interest to the people. The time of the lower house has been chiefly confined to demagogues, as described by Stevens, as those who pander to the ignorance and prejudices of the multitude, have only shown their superiority as such. The Amnesty bill will be throttled by having annexed to it a bill to secure the social privileges of negroes, and if passed at all will be in this humiliating shape.

We, of course, have omitted in this summary very many important events, but as it is impossible to make an encyclopedia of one number of our paper, we take the liberty of following the example of Clayton Miller, who prayed to the Lord over the evils of the Mexican war, which he recounted in regular order, and concluded: "For further particulars, we refer thee, oh, Lord, to the President's Message."

We now take note of a few events that are of a local nature, and are consequently more nearly of personal interest to many of our readers.

LOCAL MATTERS!

A Resume of Lincoln County News for 1873.

Births—Marriages—Deaths—Fires—Crimes—Pestilence—Stock and Crop—Old Stanford.

The local of this paper takes extravagant (and some say flimsy) delight in reporting the advent of filipian humanity. But, with all his watchfulness, and boasted astuteness, he has signally failed in more than four-fifths of the instances, in getting in possession of the facts relative to the births in the county in time to publish them. He gracefully acknowledges that he has been shamefully outwitted in this line of reportorial labor, but will never declare a truce, no, never! He enters upon the new year with a renewed determination to make this feature of the JOURNAL a glorious success at all hazards. Let it be distinctly understood then, we propagators of the human species, that so long as you persist in fetching your diminutive red-faced, bald-headed angels—your belted-lunged young wild-cats—your oaty, toasty, little sugar-dumplings—your pigmy abominations—your precious little mammy's darlings—your incipient tornadoes—your catnip-soaking ainy-lambs—your manufacturers of mid-night hideousness—pulling, puking, colicky, squeaking, intolerable nuisances into this sin-cured world, just so long will he continue to scent them out and sound about their inglorious advent.

The following births were reported in our columns during the year, for Lincoln county:

Jan. 3, To wife of Samuel Shanks, of Stanford, a boy.
Feb. 14, To wife of J. J. McRoberts, Stanford, a girl.
Feb. 27, To wife of Benjamin Lunsford, a son.
May 13, To wife of J. W. Paine, jr., Stanford, a daughter.
May 30, To wife of J. D. Bastin, Hall's Gap, a daughter.
June 18, To wife of J. E. Bruce, Stanford, a son.
Aug. 25, To wife of W. H. Anderson, Stanford, a son.
Sept. 20, To wife of Austin Hall, female, 10 pounds.
Oct. 11, A. F. Merriman, Stanford, a son.
Oct. 11, To wife of Brent Barnett, nee Miss Nannie Mcneife, a son.
Oct. 4, To wife of G. P. Ramsey, a daughter.
Oct. 3, To wife of Thos. Newland, nee Miss Eliza Mcneife, a son.
Oct. 19, To wife of J. M. Rochester, a daughter.
Nov. 11, To wife of H. G. Cummins, a son.
Nov. 12, To wife of L. R. Yates, a son.
Dec. 8, To wife of Cashius Fields, a son.
Dec. 12, To wife of A. D. Root, a daughter.
Dec. 15, To wife of Ed. Carter, a son.

LEGAL-ATTACHMENTS.
When Lincoln County Folks Marry.
A String of Matrimonial Lunatics.

The ravages of the ever present matrimonial pestilence exceeded that of 1872 in its devastating visitation last year; and is still raging with fearful violence in all parts of the county, and will doubtless find many more hapless victims ere the Spring showers and perspiring nights of Summer come again. No money panic or trumpet of war will check the dreadful plague. As long as there exists a giggling damsel or a guttural swain, the matrimonial fever that wasteth at noon-day, morning, sunset and night will continue to find its victims and consign them to a guttural unpleasantness. It is an insidious disease which spares not the toughest and most invulnerable descendant of our common grand-parents of Eden notoriety. It attacks with equal violence and fatality the young, the brave, the gay, the grave, the ugly, the pretty, the silly, the witty, the brilliant, the stupid. Its victims are caught in the streets, on the highways, at the fancy balls, in the sanctuaries, at the fire-side in the humble cabin, and beneath the blazing chandeliers in the parlors of the wealthy. To be attacked from the front, from the rear, from the flank, and all around. To be forewarned only results in being "four-armed." Its symptoms are inward inexplicability and outward all-overishness. From the county records we get the following curious facts in reference to its devastations during the year just past:

Since the first of January, 1873, eighty-nine white couples have caught the contagion, sought the altar and got glued, fifteen out of the number choosing the month of October, and 15 the month of December. The 9th day of the month being most fatal, eight having been married on that day. None were married on the 5th of any month. The females were attacked at the following ages: One at thirteen, three at fifteen, six at sixteen, ten at seventeen, fifteen at eighteen, two at nineteen, twelve at twenty, ten at twenty-five, seven at twenty-seven at twenty-eight, five at twenty-four, four at twenty-five, two at twenty-eight, two at thirty-five, one at thirty-nine, and one at forty-six. On the male side: Two at seventeen, seven at eighteen, four at nineteen, eight at twenty, six at twenty-one, nine at twenty-two, ten at twenty-five, eight at twenty-six, five at twenty-seven, six at twenty-eight, two at twenty-nine, two at thirty, three at thirty-one, one at thirty-nine, one at forty, one at forty-three, one at forty-six, one at fifty-seven, one at fifty-five, one at seventy. Ten women got "warmed over" men, and ten men took "second-hand" partners. Three males caught the contagion for the third time. Of the males, seventy-two were farmers, one attorney at law, one peddler, one "nothing," three blacksmiths, two millers, one oiler, two railroad employees, one painter, one teacher, three merchants, and one shoemaker. For some of the particulars of the evils of double-headedness, we refer you to the following individuals, and our own premature bald-headedness:

January 2nd, Clayton Montgomery to Mary E. Dougherty.
January 2nd, Henry T. Bastin to Martha J. Dougherty.
January 2nd, Wm. G. Raines to Lizzy Hill.
January 7th, Jas. H. Wallace to Martha L. Mattingly.
January 6th, Reuben Deany to Bettie Jones.
January 16th, Jas. H. Ball to Joan Cox.
February 2nd, Wm. H. Quinton to Rhoda A. Baker.
February 14th, Robert Privet to Cynthia Leach.
February 17th, Joseph A. Jackson to Sarah A. Singleton.
February 20th, Jno. W. Currier to Agnes Leary.
February 20th, H. C. Young to Rhoda A. Martin.
February 27th, John S. Adams to Mary Ann Ellison.
February 27th, D. B. Bowman to Mary Withers.
March 3rd, Jas. B. Russell to Susan J. Henson.
March 10th, Isaiah Delaney to Malvina Hutchison.
March 13th, Robt. W. Lillard to Susan E. Craig.
March 13th, Solomon Stephens to Julia A. Rowten.
March 18th, Thos. S. Blankenship to Mary A. Delaney.
March 20th, James D. Long to Narcissa Leach.
March 22nd, John Hutchison to Mattie Burch.
March 27th, Robt. H. Thompson to Nannie W. Carpenter.
April 3rd, Squire Pence to Sirilda Wilson.
April 8th, Harry L. Reynolds to Susan Reynolds.
April 22nd, John Moler to Sarah Finney.
April 24th, Holiday S. Jones to Mollie A. Page.
May 1st, Benj. F. Gooch to Julia A. Smith.
May 15th, John A. James to Julia A. Oaks.
May 26th, Astor N. Van Epps to Annie Wright.
June 8th, George W. Delaney to Louisa Waldeen.
June 17th, George C. Rife to Lucinda Campbell.
June 12th, James H. Gastineau to Mary S. Walls.
June 12th, William S. Hocker to Mollie W. Cobb.

June 12th, James Miller to Eliza J. Hammonds.
June 12th, Green Ballard to Emily Anderson.
June 19th, Andrew C. Powers to Emma Oaks.
June 19th, Robt B. Edgington to Rosa Matilda Spragens.
July 17th, John G. Baugh to Martha E. Young.
July 16th, Abraham Dewaal to George A. Dewaal.
August 10th, John A. Singleton to Mary S. Alford.
August 14th, Thomas F. Watts to Mary B. Baugh.
August 26th, George W. Chevis to Lillie M. Tevis.
August 28th, A. J. Griffin to Delila Padgett.
August 28th, Lewis Plummer to Delilah Greenell.
August 31st, Jos. H. McAllister to Ettie Cobb.
September 11th, Otis P. Newland to Sallie H. Owsley.
September 11th, William B. Hawkins to Lizzie Hawkins.
September 11th, Henry H. Walls to Mary J. Atherton.
September 22nd, James Farmer to Rhoda Kennedy.
September 25th, Robert T. Smith to Lizzie B. Moore.
September 30th, Benjamin Martin to Emily F. Martin.
October 2nd, William G. Jones to Joan Dillon.
October 9th, A. H. Noaks to Elizabeth McElmore.
October 8th, David R. Totton to Susan E. Denny.
October 9th, J. Briscoe to Nannie E. Sandridge.
October 9th, William R. Powell to Matilda B. Hughes.
October 10th, James E. Padgett to Delilah J. Gooch.
October 9th, William J. Montgomery to Nancy J. Austin.
October 9th, George Delaney to Martha Ann Jackson.
October 14th, Adam W. Carpenter to Pamela Cloyd.
October 14th, Frank J. Anthony to Sallie G. Parsons.
October 16th, James Thomas to Mary J. Chappell.
October 15th, David Cays to Patsy Kent.
October 30th, Gabriel H. McMullin to Talitha S. Reynolds.
October 23rd, John G. Ramsey to Mahala Porter.
October 23rd, Henry G. Plummer to Rhoda J. Jones.
November 3rd, George W. Horton to Mary A. Smith.
November 6th, Woodson C. Montgomery to Martha W. Colter.
November 14th, Milton G. Gastineau to Sarah E. Ball.
November 27th, John Z. Spoonamore to Bettie Pepples.
November 25th, William T. Hill to Mary E. Dougherty.
November 26th, Jeremiah Street to Mary Berry.
November 26th, Alfred Hicks to Nannie Berry.
November 30th, Nathan M. Buchanan to Julia F. White.
December 4th, Smiley J. Chinn to Josephine S. Killian.
December 4th, Allen Hicks to Katie Rogers.
December 3rd, George O. Warren to Maggie A. Wright.
December 14th, Lee F. Reynolds to Serena J. Warren.
December 9th, Levi Anderson to Mary S. Anderson.
December 9th, William L. Murphy to Chloe E. Dudderar.
December 9th, Thomas Holman to Maggie Melvin.
December 10th, Ira L. Logan to Anna Cooper.
December 10th, Richard R. Carter to Jennie Noe.
December 10th, Alvin P. Huffman to Addie Elkin.
December 17th, James O. Pettus to Mary T. Robinson.
December 16th, George W. Bobbett to Single Peyton.
December 17th, Hugh Kirkpatrick to Rebecca J. Bastin.
December 21st, George A. Brown to Surrida Wilson.
December 23rd, James L. Menifee to Sallie A. Pettus.

Deaths.
All that is mortal must decay. Youth and beauty soon must fade. The radiant belle, the robust, healthy adult, the lipping babe, the tottering old man, must each obey the inevitable summons of Death, the inexorable arbiter of our race. All, of whatever station in life, the beggar, the rich man, the Christian, the infidel, saint, sinner, high, low—all are ceaselessly tramping in sunshine and gloom, storm and calm, to eternity's courts. The frail casket of clay is soon thrown off. A few may have footprints upon the shining sands of life which can never be erased, but alas, it is too often, a rosebush—a grave—an epitaph—on LIVES.

Though the death list of our own county is comparatively small, it is sad to contemplate. The following deaths have been published in the JOURNAL during the year.

January 31st, of consumption, N. C. Coby, at Turnersville.
February 5th, of consumption, Henry McClure, at Crab Orchard.
February 1st, Mrs. Sweete, at Crab Orchard.
February 7th, of typhoid fever, S. S. McRoberts, jr., aged 19 years, in Stanford.
February 14th, of old age, Isaac Shanks, of color, aged 100 years, at Crab Orchard.
February 20th, Alfred Skinner, an aged and respected citizen, near Hustonville.
March 6th, burned to death, Chaucer Shipman, aged 84 years, in Danville.
April 12, Mrs. Nannie A., wife of John Dudderar, in Colorado.
April 25th, Joseph McAllister, sr., one of the most prominent business men of the county, at Stanford.
May 7th, Mrs. Elizabeth Dillion, at Crab Orchard.
May 24th, Mrs. Katie Myers, mother of A. S. and John Y. Myers, in Stanford.
May 16th, Adam Pence, in his 82nd year, near Stanford.
June 18th, Jubal Wray, in his 89th year, near Stanford.
June 15th, Robert, son of Samuel F. Cowan, aged 18 years near, Stanford.
June 27th, Mrs. Francis, wife of Jas. M. Mosier, near Hustonville.
June 27th, Henry, little son of Ed. Pendleton, in Stanford.
July 9th, Dr. Geo. McRoberts, by poison taken through mistake, at Stanford.
July 10th, little Willie, son of Sam'l Emory, of poison given through mistake, near Stanford.
July 18th, Prof. W. C. Trueheart, of consumption, in Stanford.
Aug. 15th, Robert Hardin, aged 87, at Crab Orchard.
August 25th, Mrs. Bridgewater, mother of Aug. Bridgewater, near Stanford.
August 23rd, Miss Mary Austin, of consumption, in Stanford.
August 23rd, Hayden Spoonamore, of cholera, near Stanford.
August 23rd, Mrs. Louisa, wife of Archie Snow, of typhoid fever, near Stanford.
September 26th, Mrs. Annie, wife of Dudley Holmes, of consumption, in Stanford.
September 29th, Mrs. Addie, wife of Jos. Landrum, of cholera, in Stanford.
October 2nd, David Martin, near Stanford.
October 12th, Mrs. Lucy, wife of the late Alfred Skidmore, near Hustonville.
October 29th, Walter Buchanan, at Crab Orchard.
October 31st, Mrs. Susan, wife of R. B. Woods, near Stanford.
November 18th, Miss Polly Turner, aged 73, at Walnut Flat.
December 17th, Josie, little daughter of Adam Gensel, of pneumonia, in Stanford.
C. I. H. Carter, of flux, near Turnersville, in September.
Sallie, daughter of Hon. Thos. W. Varnon, aged at Stanford.

Fires.
The fire-flood has handled his desolating torch with great severity in some parts of our country and State, but with our own county he has dealt tenderly, and we rejoice to say that few persons have suffered loss.

On the 20th day of February the dwelling occupied by Mr. Freely Peacock, owned by H. S. Withers, situated near Stanford, was entirely consumed by fire. Loss about \$1,500.

On the 10th of March the dwelling of Mr. Levi Hubbs, near Millidgeville, was also consumed by fire. Loss about \$2,500.

About the 10th of January the beautiful little town of Carlisle, Ky., suffered a terrible conflagration, which resulted in a loss of about \$100,000.

On the 11th of March a disastrous fire occurred in Lawrenceburg, Anderson county. Sixty houses were consumed. Loss about \$150,000.

Crimes.
This is said to be the villain's era, the buccaneer's millennium, the pick-pocket's jubilee. From the mountains to the sea, and from the great lakes to the gulf, the whole country has been swept by a carnival of minor iniquities and heinous crimes. Killed, perished, shot, stabbed, robbed, incendiaries, etc., has been the head of many columns of the press throughout the country during the year. But the crime record of old peaceable, quiet Lincoln will compare well with that of any county of its population in the Union that is similarly cursed with a legalized whisky traffic. From the following statement of crimes committed in this county during the past year, the reader can judge of our civilization and law-abiding character:

The following persons have been sentenced to the penitentiary during the year—

Marshall Wright, col., highway robbery, 1 year.
Joe Owsley, col., grand larceny, two years.
Eliza King, col., infanticide, 2 years.
The following persons have been sent to the county jail by the lower courts:

Alex Killian, cruelty to animals, Jan. 9th.
Jeremiah Davis, col., highway robbery, Feb. 5th.
George Gooch, highway robbery Feb. 8th.
February 5th, of consumption, N. C. Coby, at Turnersville.

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October 9th, William R. Powell to Matilda B. Hughes.
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October 23rd, John G. Ramsey to Mahala Porter.
October 23rd, Henry G. Plummer to Rhoda J. Jones.
November 3rd, George W. Horton to Mary A. Smith.
November 6th, Woodson C. Montgomery to Martha W. Colter.
November 14th, Milton G. Gastineau to Sarah E. Ball.
November 27th, John Z. Spoonamore to Bettie Pepples.
November 25th, William T. Hill to Mary E. Dougherty.
November 26th, Jeremiah Street to Mary Berry.
November 26th, Alfred Hicks to Nannie Berry.
November 30th, Nathan M. Buchanan to Julia F. White.
December 4th, Smiley J. Chinn to Josephine S. Killian.
December 4th, Allen Hicks to Katie Rogers.
December 3rd, George O. Warren to Maggie A. Wright.
December 14th, Lee F. Reynolds to Serena J. Warren.
December 9th, Levi Anderson to Mary S. Anderson.
December 9th, William L. Murphy to Chloe E. Dudderar.
December 9th, Thomas Holman to Maggie Melvin.
December 10th, Ira L. Logan to Anna Cooper.
December 10th, Richard R. Carter to Jennie Noe.
December 10th, Alvin P. Huffman to Addie Elkin.
December 17th, James O. Pettus to Mary T. Robinson.
December 16th, George W. Bobbett to Single Peyton.
December 17th, Hugh Kirkpatrick to Rebecca J. Bastin.
December 21st, George A. Brown to Surrida Wilson.
December 23rd, James L. Menifee to Sallie A. Pettus.

June 12th, James Miller to Eliza J. Hammonds.
June 12th, Green Ballard to Emily Anderson.
June 19th, Andrew C. Powers to Emma Oaks.
June 19th, Robt B. Edgington to Rosa Matilda Spragens.
July 17th, John G. Baugh to Martha E. Young.
July 16th, Abraham Dewaal to George A. Dewaal.
August 10th, John A. Singleton to Mary S. Alford.
August 14th, Thomas F. Watts to Mary B. Baugh.
August 26th, George W. Chevis to Lillie M. Tevis.
August 28th, A. J. Griffin to Delila Padgett.
August 28th, Lewis Plummer to Delilah Greenell.
August 31st, Jos. H. McAllister to Ettie Cobb.
September 11th, Otis P. Newland to Sallie H. Owsley.
September 11th, William B. Hawkins to Lizzie Hawkins.
September 11th, Henry H. Walls to Mary J. Atherton.
September 22nd, James Farmer to Rhoda Kennedy.
September 25th, Robert T. Smith to Lizzie B. Moore.
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Marshall Wright, col., highway robbery, Feb. 8th.
John McElroy, col., highway robbery, Feb. 8th.

Jordan Lawson, horse stealing Feb. 14th.
Ben. Wyatt, John Watts, M. Stamp, charged with murdering Harriet Clark, March 8th.

Joe. Owsley, col., grand larceny, April 15th.
Andy Owsley, col., shooting with intent to kill, April 16th.

James Lear, grand larceny, April 15.
Robt. Hausford, col., concealing stolen property, July 5th.

Andy Yates, col., shooting with intent to kill, July 17th.
Butcher, col., grand larceny, July 31st.

G. P. Hendricks, Joel Griffin, horse stealing, July 30th.
Green Smith, Andy Merridy, Peter Cain, shooting with intent to kill, October 17th.

Peter Chambers, shooting with intent to kill, Oct. 17.
A. J. Adams, horse stealing, Nov. 11.

John Nelson, col., horse stealing, Nov. 25th.
Clay Carpenter, col., grand larceny, Dec. 3rd.

Frank White, grand larceny, Dec. 5.
Jas Shannon, col., grand larceny, Dec. 7th.

Harriet Meriman, col., grand larceny, Dec. 7th.
Alice Bailey, col., concealing stolen goods, Dec. 9th.

Reid Morrison, col., concealing stolen goods, Dec. 9th.
Josh Dye, concealed weapons, March 22nd.

Thomas Smith, petty larceny, April 23rd.
Suttler Carr, breach of peace, July 9th.

Jas. Clark, gaming, July 15th.
Ned Hays, col., breach of peace, Aug. 8th.

Tom Baughman, col., breach of peace, August 8th.
Wm. Carson, col., breach of peace, August 8th.

Willis Guest, col., breach of peace, December 10th.
One of the most appalling crimes that

was committed in Central Kentucky during the year was the murdering of young J. B. Williamson by Bill Wilson, a notorious desperado, and Clay Dyer, a boon companion of Wilson's, at Shelby City, on the 19th of January. The murderers were captured in Tennessee a few weeks after committing the awful deed and are now in prison awaiting trial for their lives. A few days before this crime was committed, some one, supposed to be a man by the name of Meredith, shot Major Watt Dyer through a window of the hotel in Hustonville. Major Dyer recovered, and Meredith is in prison awaiting his trial before a jury.

On or about the 14th of February, last, Wm. Timberlake, of the West End of the county, was robbed on the highway, between Hustonville and Danville, by George Gooch and two negroes, all of whom were arrested and held to trial.

George Gooch, concerned in the robbery of Wm. Timberlake, was shot and killed in Milledgeville, by ——— Moreland, who is now a fugitive from the officers of the law. The shooting resulted from a threat against Moreland's life by Gooch while intoxicated.

The most dastardly and brutal murder committed in the county during the year was that of shooting in cold blood an unoffending negro woman, Harriet Clark, near Crab Orchard, last March, by a party of drunken young men. Several parties were suspected, tried and acquitted of the crime.

Dr. Putman & Stephenson, of Crab Orchard, were before the Lincoln Circuit Court last Fall, on a charge of discharging a negro child for the purpose of dissection.

The drug and jewelry store of E. R. Chensault, in Stanford, was burglarized on the night of the 12th of October, and robbed of about \$1,000 worth of watches and jewelry. This was the first robbery that has occurred in Stanford for many years. The thieves or thief have not been captured.

The Terrible Pestilence.

Among the sad occurrences of the year were the distressing visitations of pestilences which fell upon some of the most thriving towns of the South and West. The neglect of sanitary precautions, and otherwise to provide the safeguards which science and experience suggest against the fearful and still mysterious invasion of pestilence, brought the grim apparition from the East, Asiatic cholera, to Central Kentucky. It first appeared in Nashville, Tennessee, and from there to Franklin, Kentucky, and to the towns in the Tennessee low lands. It appeared at our neighboring town of Lancaster, August 14th, and raged fearfully for several weeks, sweeping off white and black. Nearly fifty persons fell victims to the fatal scourge. Columbia, in Adair county, Millersburg, in Bourbon county, and Lebanon, in Marion county, suffered greatly. Many towns which seemed to be no less exempt, naturally, from the disease, escaped entirely, and it is a singular fact that all of our large cities escaped. Who can tell why this great scourge was so partial in its visitations?

Cholera entered an appearance in Stanford on the 29th of August, first attacking some negroes in Maxville, a negro settlement within the corporate limits of the town. Within six hours after the first case was announced the town was almost depopulated, and the disease

having no food upon which to work, save those who were by force of circumstances compelled to remain, soon ran its course. There were twenty-one cases and sixteen deaths, all colored except Richard Austin, Mrs. Wm. Allen, a child of Wm. Allen and Mrs. Joe. Landrum. The latter died September 29th, several weeks after the scourge disappeared from the town.

In some of the Southern cities the yellow fever raged with unusual desolation and woe. Rarely in all the long annals of human wretchedness has the dread death-angel stalked so terribly, so persistently, so remorselessly as it did at Memphis and Shreveport. For several long weeks—weeks of suffering and death—the great heart of the nation beat with sympathy for the poor afflicted people of these fair Southern cities. A few fearless souls braved the dangers and disputed the ground with the appalling pestilence, aiding the afflicted and burying the hundreds of dead daily, while the people of the North, East and West were contributing in money and food to their suffering brethren—thus verifying that "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and also showing that the feeling of animosity which once pervaded the hearts of the people of the North and South, has entirely passed away.

Stock and Crop.

The prices of stock varied with the seasons as in 72. During the Spring, grazing cattle were worth about \$3 cents. In the summer fat cattle sold at \$4@5c. In February hogs brought 21c@23c, and advanced towards the fall season to 40c@42c for feeding. Fat hogs were held at 4c before the financial crash, but the picking season opened at 3c, advancing steadily through the season to 5c. The hog crop for Lincoln county was not up to the average, and the price realized averaged about \$3 75 per hundred.

The wheat crop for the county was pretty fair, free from rust and other diseases, and though thin on the ground, owing to the severity of the winter, the yield exceeded the expectations of farmers. The average for the county was about 8 bushels per acre—12 bushels is an average crop one year with another. The quality of the wheat was extra. The grasses were very fine; oats crop heavy and saved without injury. The corn crop was the best produced in the county for years. Apples exceedingly scarce, also peaches; small fruits almost a failure.

The farmers of Lincoln county have not made any money on this year's labor, but it is very clear the fault is with themselves. They raised produce enough, but their average crops were so low that they afforded little profit. And so of their live stock. They do not pay sufficient attention to breeding choice animals. The markets are flooded with inferior meat, which cost the farmers far more to produce it than it is worth to consumers. The prosperity of the farmer does not depend solely upon the amount he can produce and sell, but upon the price of his sales. If he expends all of his income to produce what he raises, he is as poor as if he had sat in the shade of a tree during the entire growing season without making an effort to sow or reap. Farmers will forever complain of hard times unless they go to work in earnest and strain their lands up to all they will bring; practice economy in their farming operations and make farming a business.

Thus far we have had an unusually mild winter, and few rains. The first frost of the Fall season fell on the 14th of September, injuring nothing. The first snow fell on the 21st of October. We have had but two or three light snows, and no ice. The grain crops for the present year are in admirable condition and promise a large yield. At the suggestion of the JOURNAL a few of our farmers representing the best corn-growing sections of this county, selected from their corn crop of the past year a few specimen ears each, and placed them on exhibition at our office to compete for a small premium offered by ourselves. There were nineteen competitors, and a most magnificent display of corn. The premium was awarded to Geo. Vaughn, Esq., whose farm is situated in the "Bald Hill" region, three miles east of Stanford. The winning ear was of the "Shanks" variety, a very popular and prolific corn, and weighed 25 ounces.

About 900 nules were fattened in this county last year, and but few of them have been taken to market. The southern market will not open until the 15th or 20th of the present month. The distressed condition of farmers in the south has seriously affected this section of our State—indeed more seriously than the eastern panic.

Stanford.

This venerable burg has increased in wealth, population and general prosperity during the year. Her commercial interests are more flourishing for 1874 than any previous year. She has, during the past few years, extended her trade into new territory, made new friends, and by the fair dealing, energy and enterprise of some of her business men, she has won a name and reputation as a trading point that few Kentucky towns of the same population and wealth can boast. In the line of improvements she has done well, considering the condition of financial matters, and the enormous debt she has carried uncomplainingly. Many villages would have succumbed to the weight of a debt of near \$100,000, due and unpaid, from their patrons. These figures may startle some people, but the estimate very nearly approximates the debt due Stanford from the farming community. Among the improvements worthy of note we have space to mention the B. Van Arsdale two-story brick business house, on the Southwest corner of Main and Lancaster streets, one of the handsomest buildings in Central Kentucky. Cost about \$8,000; J. N. Craig's two-story frame dwelling, on the South side of Main street, opposite the Methodist church, cost about \$3,000; African Christian Church, cost about \$2,000; Addition to old building and remodeling of the front of property of Mr. T. T. Davies, on Lancaster street, cost \$1,700; The improvement of the Warren House, cost about \$700; a large number of small improvements, out-houses, side-walks, etc. On the whole, our growing town presents a much better appearance now than ever before, and we note with pleasure that by the end of the present year still greater improvements will have been made.

We have never been extravagant in our praises of old Stanford. There is much about her that is deserving of commendation, and much that should remain untold, or be severely censured. She is up with the times in many respects and in other respects occupies a rear rank. Some of her citizens are enterprising and progressive, while many are plodding and old foggy. The young business men of the place are foremost in matters of improvement and growth. The old heads, while they are in the highest degree solid and substantial, are, with a few honorable exceptions, doing little towards improving the town or extending its business. But it is not our purpose, in this paper, to publish Stanford's faults or extol her excellencies. She is our own, our native village, and we have a jealous regard for her name, and a dotting fondness for her people and her institutions, which makes us wondrous kind. She is poor, but proud and honest, little but old, ugly but smart. No one ever left her hospitable borders who did not look back with an almost irresistible longing to return. She is the same dear old Stanford, yesterday, to-day and night-before-last. Her friends love her and her enemies—well they may, for, though often reviled by ambitious and unsuccessful rivals, she does not stand it like a colt May-day, or a meek incipient ram, but wars her foes to the bitter end. Selah.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Five Hundred Thousand Years at Least—Speculations of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace.

In the issue of Nature for Oct. 2, Alfred Russel Wallace indulges in some speculations on the probable antiquity of the human species, which may well startle even those who have long since come to the conclusion that 6,000 years carry but a small way back to the original home. In fact, in Mr. Wallace's reckoning, 6,000 years are as a day. He begins by complaining of the timidity of the scientific men when treating of this subject, and points out the fallacy of always preferring the lowest estimate, in order to be "on the safe side." He declares that all the evidence tends to show that the safe side is probably with the large figures. He reviews the various attempts to determine the antiquity of human remains or works of art, and finds the bronze age in Europe to have been pretty accurately fixed at 3,000 to 4,000 years ago, the stone age of the Swiss lake dwellings at 5,000 to 7,000 years "and an indefinite anterior period." The burnt brick found sixty feet deep in the Nile alluvium indicates an antiquity of seventy-two feet gives 30,000 years. "A human skeleton found at a depth of sixteen feet below four buried forests, superposed upon each other, has been calculated by Dr. Dowler to have an antiquity of 50,000 years. But all these estimates pale before those which Kents cavern at Torquay legitimates. Here the drip of the stalagmite is the chief factor of our computations, giving us an upper floor which "divides the relics of the last two or three thousand years from a deposit full of the bones of extinct mamalia, many of which, like the reindeer, mammoth and glutton, indicate an arctic climate." Names cut into this stalagmite more than 200 years ago is still legible; in other words, where the stalagmite is twelve feet thick, and the drip still very copious, not more than a hundredth of a foot has been deposited in two centuries—a rate of five feet in 100,000 years. Below this, however, we have a thick, much older, and more crystalline (i. e., more slowly formed) stalagmite, beneath which again, "in a solid breccia, very different from the cave of earth, undoubted works of art have been found." Mr. Wallace assumes only 100,000 years for the lower, and adds 150,000 for the intermediate cave earth, by which he arrives at the "sum of half a million as representing the years that have probably elapsed since flints of human workmanship were buried in the lowest deposits of Kent's cavern."

Tools for the Farm.

A correspondent of the Farmer's Union writes: There is no better way for a farmer to invest a few dollars than by buying a few tools for the farm. Much time and expense can be saved by repairing broken farming tools yourself, instead of carrying them to a carpenter and paying a high price for a job, which perhaps you could have done as well if not better yourself, and at a cost of less than one quarter the price paid for the work. There are many days of leisure in the early part of the winter, that you can devote to the overhauling and repairing the farming tools to be used early in the Spring, and have them in prime order when the hurry of Spring work begins. Supposing you have a broken rake handle; instead of throwing it away, lay the head by, or if you have an old handle, put that into your good hands, and you have a whole rake that will last you as long as a new one costing thirty cents. If you break a pitchfork handle, don't buy a whole new fork the next time you go to town, but buy a handle and put the old tine into it, and you have as good a fork as can be bought for less than half the cost of a new one.

THEN AND NOW.

Stanford as it Was and Is.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

Your correspondent came to Stanford in the early part of the Spring of 1857, to become one of her permanent citizens. It was in March. The snow was on the ground and everything looked blue indeed. The old Courthouse stood like a great sentinel in the midst of barren and leafless trees. I was a total stranger then. Only one tavern furnished shelter to the traveler, and that was the old Huffman House—now the Bruce Hotel. I walked up and down the only street in town to see what was to be seen. Just opposite the JOURNAL office where the handsome row of buildings now stand, including the frame stores and the Farmers' Bank building, a long row of horse-racks stood, and about a score of horses were hitched, and pawing away in the mud and water. The old brick on the corner, called, then, "Holm's brick," had open doors for sheep, hogs, &c., and I found, on entering, a flock of sheep quietly sleeping. Where the Myers house now stands, a huge, empty gully was found. But two churches were in town—the Presbyterian and Christian—and both were in a dilapidated condition. At this time your people had but three miles per week, and they were brought to town by a small two-horse stage, and in bad weather, on horseback, arriving here at nine or ten o'clock at night. Consequently the citizen had to wait until the next morning for his mail from the postoffice.

If one or more of the citizens desired to visit any other point, he was compelled to rise at four or five o'clock in the morning at the sound of the stage driver's horn, and to hurry up at that if he did not want to be left at home.

Thus matters went on until about the year 1866. At this date the iron horse had come along, and then, behold all was changed! From that day to this, we can rise, eat our breakfast, and take the train for Louisville, and reach that city within five or six hours. The mossy roads have been lifted and torn away. The old, dilapidated houses have been removed, and general thrift is seen on all sides. So much for the iron horse—so much for the improvement of the city in which we live. The sheep which heretofore found shelter in the old Helm corner, the horse racks &c., have passed away, and still the word is, onward! onward!

We now have five good hotels, seven churches, and four schools. What a contrast between then and now! In 1857 we had about 45 miles of turnpike in our county; now we have over 150. At that date we had no railroads, now we have over 40 miles, with the prospect of 25 miles more. What a change! And still we say, onward! onward! Our soil is as fair and good as any in all our broad land. If those of our emigrants who visit our shores, would consult their own interest, they would come within our borders and make their homes here.

Flogging in School.

A correspondent of the New York Sun has this to say in reference to tickling, with the spring of birch, the pupil of our schools by the teachers: It used to be the fashion when a child got flogged at school to give him another at home, and it is safe to say that none of our teachers will punish a boy who does as well as he knows how in school. I am not afraid that my boy will be flogged. The parent who truly seeks the good of his child wishes him to be obedient, orderly and faithful, wherever he is, for his own good as well as for the convenience of others. There are in almost every school a few evil-disposed scholars, who, by a constant succession of mischievous acts, neutralize, if not entirely defeat the labors of their teacher. They absorb his time and the time of his class and particularly delight in teasing and interrupting those who wish to do right. Trace them out and you will find that they are the tender ones, whose parents are afraid of flogging.

If the trustees had the power and discretion to remove perhaps only two or three of these rascals from the class they would do the public schools an incalculable benefit. They would relieve the teacher of the chief burden of his labor, and the class of the poison of vicious and malicious example, both in and out of school, which is now more than parents know or believe possible.

As our schools are now organized, corporal punishment is a necessity; but I am not in favor of flogging in school, for I do not believe that those who need it should be allowed to remain there.

The Hon. S. S. Cox entertained the New Yorkers, a short time since, with a lecture on Irish wit and humor, in which, as might be expected, there were given an abundant number of illustrations of his subject. One was a story of the Irishman who, on his death-bed, sought to offset his confession to the priest of numerous crimes by declaring that he had once converted a Jew who died in the faith. The priest eagerly inquired how that was brought about. "Well, you see," said the dying man, "I was once on a flat-boat in the Mississippi river. We were tied up to a big cottonwood tree, and all the crew were off hunting for watermelons except a Jew and myself. He made me mad, I knocked him off the boat into the river, on the outside. He floundered around in the muddy water for a few minutes, and got hold of the gunwales of the boat to climb back. I took his hands, and unclasping them from the boat, said, 'Do you believe in the Savior?' 'No,' said he. Then I tossed him under, and kept him there a minute or so. I pulled him up by the hair of his head. 'Do you believe in the Savior?' I asked him again. As soon as he had breath, he said 'No,' again, and I tossed him under. When I brought him up again he was spouting, and when I asked him a third time, 'Do you believe in the Savior?' he answered, as soon as he could get breath, 'Yes, I do.' 'Then die in the faith,' said I, and I tossed him under again, and held him down until he was drowned. He never had a chance to recant his conversion."

Farm, Garden and Orchard.

By an old Agricultural Editor.

MANURING.—A WORD TO FARMERS. Many of our farmers in the "Blue Grass" region, if not all of them, rely upon the richness and depth of their soil to afford them abundant crops without the addition of manure. This is a fatal mistake, and you will find it so in the course of a few years. The farmer who runs his land, year after year, in grain, without giving it manure of some good kind, will find that his land is going down hill all the time. Thousands of loads of excellent manure are wasted, which, if applied to soil from year to year, it accumulated, would keep your fields in good heart, and productive. I venture to assert that around the barn-yard of two-thirds of our farmers, enough manure could be gathered every Fall and Winter to make rich over twenty acres of land. Yet this is allowed to go to waste. The rains come and the snow melts. The heat of the sun evaporates the very essence of the manure, and the horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., tramp knee deep in the sludgy mire of your barn-yard. I have often seen a pile of chip-manure, which had been accumulating for many years, lie at the very door of well-to-do farmers, and never a load was hauled upon the field or garden. On one occasion, I asked the privilege of hauling away a few loads to scatter over my own garden. The answer came, "Certainly, sir, haul all you want. I would be glad to have any one remove that huge pile of chip-manure." And that "terrible pile," had the man known it, was worth to him fifty cents a load.

On another occasion, I saw a large lot of stable manure around the barn of a man, who had two or three idle teams. It was well-tried. I asked him to permit me to haul a few loads for an asparagus bed. The reply was, "Take it all if you want it, for I am anxious to have my barn lots cleaned out." To him this manure was worth many dollars, but he did not seem to realize the fact. On another occasion, I actually knew a man who owned a run-down farm of over 200 acres, and who hired two wagons from the neighboring village, at \$3 50 per day, to haul away over 100 loads of barn yard manure, into a sink near by, in order to fill it up and stop a gully. I asked him why he did not have it scattered on his fields, and he said it would take too much time, and he could not afford to hire the wagons to do it. Was he not a fit subject for an insane asylum?

When will farmers and gardeners learn that in order to keep up the fertility of their soil, they must place upon the surface at least as much as they take from the bottom? If you draw from a vessel all the time, and put nothing in it, of course it will soon be emptied. So, if you draw crops from your lands, in order to keep up its life and heart, you must feed it. Not more certainly will your fields become non-productive, if you fail to feed them, than your barns become empty if you fail to supply them. If the sun-browned tiller of the soil is the life of our nation, it behooves us to urge him on to higher and grander efforts of husbandry. A small farm well cultivated will produce far more than twice the number of acres badly tended. Better, far better, give ample and intelligent cultivation to fifty acres, than to be content with merely skimming over four or five times as much. The honest and industrious farmer who looks from his humble cabin home, over 100 acres of well-cultivated fields, can rest assured that his bank account will, at the end of each year, show a greater balance in his favor than that of the owner of a farm of 500 acres, who has stood idly by and seen it go to waste.

THE POOR BEES.

Yes, we call them the poor bees, because they are, indeed, to be pitied. We learn in holy writ that "God heareth the young ravens when they cry," and He also "Noteth the sparrow's fall." But why He has seen fit to fail to furnish the poor bees with sustenance during the present year, and with food for the present winter store, we cannot say. He often visits men with pestilence, famine and sword. But we do not wish to preach a sermon, or appear to upbraid the Almighty, for we believe all He doeth is wisest and best. So be it. Let us not complain. "The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Without wishing or aiming to come down from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is a too sudden bound, we will simply assert that the bees all over Central Kentucky, and in fact all over the State, so far as we have been able to learn, failed to find honey enough, in the honey season, to feed themselves during the present Winter. Consequently, many swarms have died, and many more will die before the blooming season of 1874. There are a few of our largest apiarists who have already lost over one-half their swarms, and predict the day is far off when bee-keeping in Kentucky can be made profitable.

GOOD NEWS!

STAND AND DELIVER!

T. J. ATKINS, the thrice, reader and dealer in Shirts and Shirts, on Lancaster street, who just one call to demonstrate that it is the interest of every body to purchase a regular Shirts and Shirts, call and see him.

AUCTIONEER'S NOTICE!

DANIEL MILLER, resident auctioneer, will attend to all public sales, such as real estate, household goods, and merchandise, at 24-47.

MONEY WANTED!

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Louisville Mail, North, 2:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
Freight, No. 21, South, 2:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
No. 17, 2:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
No. 18, North, 2:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
No. 22, 2:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.

ELIZABETHTOWN & PADUCAH R. R.

COMPLETED TO PADUCAH.

Leave	Arrive
Elizabethtown, 6:00 A. M.	6:00 A. M.
Paducah, 6:00 A. M.	6:00 A. M.
Elizabethtown, 6:00 A. M.	6:00 A. M.
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